

# THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

By JOHN E. HELMS.

MORRISTOWN TENN., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1880.

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Dr. Cutter says that the increase of nervous diseases, decaying teeth, premature baldness and general lack of muscular and bone strength, are greatly due to the impoverished quality of flour now in use, the gluten being thrown away in order to make the flour white. A prominent miller denies that the flour is impoverished. He says that modern processes of milling are so perfect that every part of the grain of wheat except the outer covering goes into the flour.

## "GATH" ON TENNESSEE.

Continued by Eugene, (Dm.)

The election of a republican governor in Tennessee, though by a plurality vote, follows hard on the planting of emigrant colonies in that state, and Tennessee will get what is called "the bug" in the way of settlers and developments, which Kentucky might have had if her governor had made her brag take the pistols off their hips. Tennessee bonds went up from 4 to 5 per cent. to-day. Tennessee is admirably situated as a basis of colonization, extending across the south from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi river, and with numerous railroads and rivers crossing the state into the south. The lines of colonization and settlement will follow the line of the armies, as peace and war have essentially the same strategy. The Indian war-trails are the routes of the railroads, and the river valleys of Tennessee are the lines of advance of education, toleration and institutions towards the gulf. Andrew Johnson and Parson Brownlow will not be without honor in the future of that state, and the entering wedge in the south will go in between Nashville and Chattanooga, and the new era be established on the northern plateau of Alabama and Georgia. Almost all northern men who have gone into the south like the climate, but are loathe for congenial society, and with the present temper of the northern money market, with more money there is room for the development of the south may become a field of speculation in the very first year of Garfield's presidency.

## IS "DAMN" AN OATH?

"Damn," as a noun substantive, is an old regular word, used frequently by English writers down to the first part of the seventeenth century. We do not see why so pious a word has been dropped by lexicographers. In some places, as if we speak of how original sin lies heavy on us, it seems a most appropriate word. "We inherit, with Adam's nature, the damn cleaving to it!" This use of the word came down to our American grandfathers, and lasted even till the time when the "continental currency" was a dead "loss." So came the expression, "not worth a continental damn," or "dead loss." And for a short: "Not worth a damn"—or bit of paper that was a dead loss! It is not to the credit of our American lexicographers that they have not recognized this origin of a phrase peculiarly American, and that if "damn" at first, having a basis in fact, like a countless number of other words, it has been enrolled as a factor in our accepted language—as "gerrymandering" has been. The people did better than their writers of primers, grammars and dictionaries. Damn means a loss (in American parlance, as above, a worthless scrip). Damnable, for its general meaning, signifies "worthy of severe censure." Only when used in a theological connection does it imply what Puritans suppose. It, most certainly, is not "swearing!" And, except by the imposition of the Puritan significance, is not cursing! And yet we remember hearing people, using a phrase whose history they knew not say "I do not care a damn"—meaning a curse.—*Freeman's Journal.*

It is not the only letter in the alphabet crossed. Great sins are often crossed, too.

## OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

PREPARING FOR CONGRESS.—NEWSPAPER ROW UNFOLDS HIS EARS.—IN-SCRUTABLE BILLY MAHONE AP-PEARS.—THE LOBBY WITH ITS AN-CIENT ALLY GEARS, CHEERS, BEERS, ETC., ETC.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 19.

To the Editor of The Morristown Gazette:

Within the past week the National Capital has awakened from her long summer siesta, and gone vigorously to work to prepare the seat of government for the political and fashionable people who will soon be in our midst. Many representatives and senators have already re-occupied their Washington homes. A host of correspondents and reporters of journals throughout the country has arrived and taken up their old quarters in and about Newspaper Row; and all signs indicate that the political "mill," "Vanity Fair," and Mammoth's Court will soon be as busy, resplendent and mischievous as ever before. Political quid nuses are already on the alert, and journalists with their long ears and keen noses for news, are discussing the probable personnel of the coming Cabinet; the complexion of the next Congress; the policy of the new Administration; and the tactfulness of Billy Mahone. "Billy," pardon me, William, is now in the city, and it is safe to say that so much impalpable indecipherable political mystery was never before the envy and despair of the news gatherer. We have piped to him, but he will not dance; we have pressed him to say something for the press, but he has not expressed himself; he is no gushing child of nature or of politics. The appearance of Senator-elect Mahone in the political firmament has, however, settled an important physico-political problem. The independence of Senator David Davis, of Illinois, was vaguely supposed to be in some way related to his immense 350 pounds physique. But now appears General Mahone who, though he is the physical antithesis of Senator Davis, is as politically inscrutable as the ponderous Illinoisan. It seems to be pretty well settled that this little 95 pound man will hold the balance of power in the Senate, hence his importance is out of all proportion to his physical or intellectual weight. My prediction is that the *la petite Mahone* will not with the Republicans, and that they will pay him well for it.

The air is full of rumors, both as to the policy of the coming administration and the personnel of his advisers; nobody knows anything, and there is a splendid field for the imagination. It is predicted that Gen. Garfield will be under the control of cliques, and that he will declare his independence of cliques. Stalwarts predict a stalwart administration, and say that Republicans of the Schurz and Evans type will have nothing to hope for. Others predict that, for the next four years, Republicans of the Conkling, Blaine and Logan type will stroll desolate without patronage. In short, every politician sees in the political kaleidoscope only those rose tinted shapes combinations that please him, and the only safe prediction is that "we can't most always sometimes tell" who the President of the United States will appoint, what approve or what veto. Sufficient unto the day will be the surprise thereof, and the most your correspondent can promise is that he will try to keep abreast of, but not outrun, the times.

In Lincoln county, Nevada, there is a spring of ice-cold water that bubbles up over a rock and disappears on the other side, and no one has been able to find where the water goes. At another point in the same county is a large spring, about twenty feet square, that is apparently only some eighteen inches deep, with a sandy bottom. The sand can be plainly seen, but no looking closer it is perceived that this sand is in a perpetual state of unrest, and no bottom has ever been found. It is said that a teamster, on reaching this spring one day, deceived by its apparent shallowness, concluded to soak one of his wagon wheels to cure the looseness of its tire. He took it off and rolled it into the lake, as he thought, shallow water. He never laid his eyes on that wagon wheel again.

Two ladies went to see Clara Morris. In one of the most affecting passages of the play, when the whole house was hushed in stillness, one lady who had been using her opera glass attentively remarked to the other: "Pooh! The trimming on her dress is nothing but Hamburg edging."

## CHOSEN.

Geraldine Spencer was the only daughter of the well-known Colonel Hubert Spencer, one of the wealthiest planters of Mississippi. The colonel was a fiery blooded gentleman of the old school in those days, "be fore the war," of which we are speaking. His grand-father was an intimate and trusted friend of Washing-ton. His father was a brigadier general in the last war with Great Britain, and the colonel himself was a graduate at West Point, and one of the most dashing and daring officers under old "Rough and Ready," in the picnic of a war which we had with Mexico a generation ago.

Colonel Spencer was the leader in some of the most daring exploits south of the Rio Grande. He was complimented more than once in the official dispatches and a brilliant military career—that is, as the state of the country permitted—was before him, had he chosen to adopt the military profession; but though the colonel would have preferred fighting to eating, he resigned his commission in the army, and went home to his plantation in Mississippi. He knew that a horde of hungry young officers were clamoring and clatter-clawing for positions in the army, and he preferred they should have them, especially as he saw a prospect of a lengthy peace before the country; a period of idleness for the army, which would fret such a high soul as his to death.

He perceived all this, we say, and went back to his plantation on the Mississippi, and devoted himself to his family.

The latter consisted of his only son and daughter. Hubert, named, of course after himself, was in his second year at West Point; the wife was dead long ago; and Geraldine presided over his household.

One reason why, perhaps, there was such a strong affection between father and daughter was because they were so much alike. She was as high-spirited, as independent and as proud as he. She was as beautiful as an hour, with her wealth of jet black, waving hair, her brilliant complexion, her marvelous eyes, her matchless figure, her patrician features, and her wonderful grace of voice and manner.

Geraldine had numberless admirers and devotees. Many from the north, where she had spent a couple of years, and her own sunny south produced myriads, but she seemed to care for none of them.

The colonel used to chide her at times for the repeated snubbings she gave her callers, without regard to their social position and standing. She would leave them at any time, and go with her father on a tramp through the woods or fishing in the river.

After all, there is nothing so captivating in a pretty woman—or any woman, for that matter—as an absolute independence of character, an independence which preserves one's self-respect at all times, and humbles the pride of the proudest of the lords of creation. It is just that sort of woman that all are most anxious to secure for a prize.

One summer afternoon Geraldine and her father were sitting in the shade of the long, low porch which extended in front of their house. The colonel was smoking his cigar, and the daughter, who was richly dressed, was gently rocking back and forth, and looking off at the yellow Mississippi, along which a high decked steamer was laboriously plowing its way.

"Have you?" she asked with an indifference, which, in reality, was assumed, though her father did not perceive it. "What is there about him for you to admire?"

"Well, he is the only surviving son of my intimate deceased friend, Captain Williams, of the army. The captain was one of the bravest and noblest men who ever trod this foot-stool, and Sydney's looks and manner make me feel sure he is simply another edition of his father. He has a fine education, is manly looking and going to make his mark in the world. He has practiced law only two years, and has a reputation as high as any who are double his years. I like Sydney very much."

"More than any one who comes here?" asked the daughter, holding the magnolia again to her nose, while she glanced furtively at her unassuming father.

"Well, yes," he returned; "I can say I do. But why isn't he here?" he asked, looking sharply around.

"He is waiting for me."

"Didn't I see him dressed up in some outrageous suit, something to match this high bred style of your make up?" asked the father, with an amused but puzzled expression.

"If you saw him at all during the last hour you did."

"What is the meaning of it?"

"He is to play the part of a gentleman of the old school in a little comedy which he has gotten up, and which is to be given at the private theatricals of Miss Chosen, next week, for the benefit of the parish."

"And you and he have been rehearsing?"

"Something like that. He wanted me to criticize his suit and make-up, and to give him some 'points,' while he volunteered to do all that he could for me in the same direction. Our two characters are the most important ones in the piece, and Sydney is anxious that we shall fully sustain them. We rehearsed alone. But, father, such an extraordinary thing took place while we were doing so that I made up my mind to come and tell you."

"You don't seem to have been in a hurry," said he, looking wonderingly at her, "for you have been here half an hour."

The lovely daughter hesitated a moment before replying. A very singular thing for her to do.

"He wished me to leave him for a short time."

"Ah, that is it! Very well. I am satisfied to have you here as long as you will stay."

And the colonel looked with pride upon his beautiful daughter, who recalled so vividly the mother when she was a bride, more than a score of years before.

It was just like the proud, young woman, who, without any appearance of excitement or agitation of manner, came to the momentous subject, which was really the cause of her being there.

"You say, father, that you admire or rather respect Sydney very much?"

"That is substantially what I said."

"As much as any young gentleman of your acquaintance?"

"Really more."

"How would you like him for a son-in-law?"

The colonel turned as if struck by a pistol shot, and looked keenly at his daughter, without speaking for a full minute. Geraldine herself seemed to be pecking the sprig of magnolia, while she looked unconsciously down at it; but, for all her forced composure, the crimson blood crept up under the rich skin of her countenance, and strive as much as she might, she could not hide the fact from her father that her heart was throbbing more tumultuously than ever before.

Suddenly he exclaimed—

"What!"

"I think you heard me, father," said Geraldine, in a low voice, without trusting herself as yet to look up.

"This was uttered in the same low, but firm voice."

"Come here, my child!"

The colonel kept his seat, while Geraldine, standing beside him, looked down in his face. He took her hand affectionately, while he asked:

"Has he proposed to you?"

"He has."

"Have you accepted him?"

"I could not do that until I had first received your permission."

"Does he love you?"

Geraldine laughed, in spite of herself.

"I have a strong impression that he would scarcely ask me to marry him, unless he thought pretty well of me."

"Of course—of course; but do you love him?"

"With my whole heart and soul!"

There was a fervency, a depth of feeling, in this exclamation, accom-

panied by the flushed cheeks, the sparkling eye and tremulous hand that rested in the palm of her father, which spoke her soulful earnestness.

"Well, if that's the case," said Col. Spencer, throwing away his cigar, "all I've got to say is, you are both confounded simpletons if you don't get married—there!"

This was a consent with considerable emphasis.

Poor Geraldine! The proud, brave girl broke down at last. She knew it would be a terrible sacrifice for her father to yield her to another, and she had the gravest doubts of ever receiving his consent, but he gave it so promptly and willingly that she could only throw her arms about his neck and murmur between her sobs:

"You're the best father that ever lived, and I hate to leave you."

"Never mind about that," he replied, soothingly, "I know it will be your happiness to do so. I could never forgive myself if I stood in your way. I shall fix you in a house to suit myself, and then I shall live with you about five miles of the time. If either of you undertake to interfere with me I shall put you both out of the house."

The happy Geraldine gave her father her another hug, and seemed loath to leave him; but he said:

"Come, daughter, Sydney, I know is waiting for your answer. Go and tell him. I hope he will feel better."

"I know he will," was the laughing utterance of Geraldine, as she tripped away.

Sydney Williams was but a short distance off. As the father turned his head to follow his daughter, he saw the man's head, covered with his huge, curly wig, resting upon his arms, as though he were asleep—though that was hardly possible under the circumstances.

As Geraldine passed beyond she caught sight of her lover, and turned abruptly and approached him so softly that he did not hear her.

He had thrown his head forward on his arms, resting on the stand, and he formed a strange figure in his English suit of a former generation.

Geraldine stood a moment, with throbbing heart, looking down upon and admiring him; then, seized by a sudden fancy, she stepped closer, and leaning over, gently touched his hand with the sprig of magnolia, which she still held.

Sydney moved as though it were a fly, and then she laughed in a low, soft, merry way, which caused him to raise his head and look longingly up in the beautiful face.

"Oh, speak!" he gasped. "Has he consented?"

The poor fellow's whole soul was in the question, and she saw how cruel it was to keep him in suspense.

"He says he thinks we will be simpletons if we don't marry each other."

Sydney caught her in his arms, and it may be said the contract was sealed then and there.

The young man was always partial to the sweet perfume of the magnolia, but now since it is associated so intimately with his winning the love of his heart, there is nothing of a vegetable nature to which he is so partial as a sprig of magnolia.

"WISE AND OTHERWISE."

Man legislates—woman orates. Woman's sphere—The powder ball.

The pay school is the place of hire education.

A "squeeze in grain"—Treating on a man's corns.

A printer's wife always puts the baby in small caps.

Kisses are created a farewell. They are the ocean of taty, as it were.

The man who hanged himself did of his own free will and a cord.

The girl who bangs her hair often makes the wife who bangs her husband.

party out of doors one cold night to be frosted.

Any man who wants a partner with cash capital says there is money in his business. The trouble is to get it out.

Every maiden can have a feller if she has money enough to buy a sewing machine with all the modern attachments.

The glass of soda and the looking glass resemble each other. You can see the soda fizz in one, and your own phiz in the other.

Apothecary: You want the prescription filled, I understand? Patrick: Not a bit at all, sir! It's the bottle I want filled.

"There four-legged chickens in Chester county," says an exchange. That's nothing; we have more than forty, and all of them have legs.

A domestic named Angelica Jordan has passed over her last name and become a portion of her first name. She attempted to kindle a fire with opal oil.

Venice is the richest city in Italy—it is almost free from debt. And with all these canals, too! The Venetian noblemen and State legislators are fearfully behind the age.

"What decoration is that you are wearing?" said an Austrian sergeant to a new recruit. The man blushed deeply and responded—It is a medal on our own won at the cattle show.

Recentric officer to new footman—Now, then, Patrick, tell me a cab. Pat, who thinks this is a dodge to try his sincerity: "Och, no, your honor! It's no more than it'd be calling you names, at all!"

The other day a mild little man, with an insatiable and seven children, won a big black bear in a raffle in Memphis. The bear was raffled off because it ate up its last owner, and the little man who made the lucky throw is just wild to know what to do with it.

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"I catch the quee" as the miner remarked when he reined for a Chinaman.

The youth who permits his sweetheart to rule him is a misguided young man.

"Mine, mine, mine!" This is the general euphem of speculation in mining stock.

Chicago girls never find it hard to clope. They make rope ladders of their shoestrings.

To check it to stop, except in case of a traveler's baggage, which is checked to make it go.

There are some men so talkative that nothing but the toothache can make one of them hold his jaw.

Never put a nib on a child with a poor appetite. It will be sure to go against his stomach.

It's probably true that the church is the new rest place on earth, since so many of the congregation sleep.

It was a young housekeeper who sat the cake she had baked for a

party out of doors one cold night to be frosted.

Any man who wants a partner with cash capital says there is money in his business. The trouble is to get it out.

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**MILL GEARING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,**

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Side Hill Plows and Plow Castings, Cane Mills,

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**Watchmakers and Jewelers,**

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Repairing and Engraving skillfully executed upon reasonable terms. All orders by mail will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed. aug17/80

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We keep a large stock of all kinds of Agricultural Implements and Repairs, including  
**Mowers, Reapers, Self-Binders, Grain Drills, Avery's Steel Plows**

(At factory prices) John Deere Steel Plows, Case's Lock-Lever Plows, Binders, Reap Cutters, Fish Bone Wagon (very cheap), Double-Shovel Plows, and steel shovel and bull tongue blades.

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Clover, Timothy, Orchard Grass and German Millet. We keep the Largest Stock of Seed kept by any house in the West, and sell for the very lowest cash prices.

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Sell all kinds of Country Produce and make liberal advancements.

MILL MACHINERY of every kind furnished, also steam Engines. All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention. apr47/80

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**P. M. WILLIAMS,**  
WHOLESALE

**Produce and Commission Merchant,**  
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**Wheat, Corn, Oats, Hay, Flour, Bacon, Dried Fruit, &c.**

**CASH ADVANCED ON PRODUCE IN STORE.**  
Warehouse: Old Virginia Depot, on Railroad Track.

**KNOX**